

YORKVILLE ENQUIRER.

ISSUED SEMI-WEEKLY.

L. M. GRIST & SONS, Publishers.

A Family Newspaper: For the Promotion of the Political, Social, Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the People.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS.

ESTABLISHED 1855.

YORKVILLE, S. C., SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1900.

NO. 26.

LOVE FINDS A WAY.

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.
In order that new readers of THE ENQUIRER may begin with the following installment of this story, and understand it just the same as though they had read it all from the beginning, we here give a synopsis of that portion of it which has already been published:

Tom Broxton comes to Broxton Hall from college, having been summoned by his father, who is dying. Mr. Matthews, Tom's guardian, passing "Mother" Spillman's cottage, drops a bag of papers. The next morning Matthews comes to look for one of the papers which have been lost. He does not find it, but Jimmy Martin, a gardener, soon after brings it to "Mother" Spillman. She pledges Martin to secrecy and hides the paper in the back of an old chair. Tom Broxton visits the room in which his father lies, finds some flowers on an easel and among them an unfinished letter from his father to himself. Through ground glass doors he sees a figure tampering with the papers contained in his father's desk. Before he can enter the room the figure disappears. Approaching his father's body lying in his coffin, Tom looks for a seal ring worn on the finger, but it is not there. Olivia Matthews arranges with her father for a garden party at Broxton Hall on her eighteenth birthday.

Her father, riding past the hall, stops there and sees the mysterious figure standing over Colonel Broxton's desk. After the lawn party Tom Broxton and his guardian sit at the Hall talking about it, and Mr. Matthews proposes that Tom, after being graduated at college, shall go abroad to study and declares that the Hall must be sold, to both of which propositions Tom demurs. Mother Spillman cautions Tom against his guardian, but fails to convince him. Olivia rides out with Clarence Westover on horseback. Tom goes to the Hall, where he finds Olivia, who has been thrown from her horse, and carries her into the house. She is severely injured. The party remains at the Hall. At midnight a scream is heard. It has come from Olivia, who has seen the mysterious figure standing over Colonel Broxton's desk. Two years elapse. Broxton Hall is sold to the Westovers. Tom Broxton is studying abroad. He writes to Olivia declaring his love for her. His guardian writes him that his estate has been lost and Olivia writes him that she is engaged to Clarence Westover. Mr. Matthews' study is burned under suspicious circumstances, and all his papers destroyed, including those pertaining to the Broxton estate. Tom Broxton returns from abroad and settles in the west to practice his profession. Mr. Matthews is taken ill. Olivia visits the room where her father lies. Half-conscious, she sees "Mother" Spillman, whom she recognizes as the figure she had seen standing over Colonel Broxton's desk, bending over her father and accusing him of having stolen the Broxton estate. Olivia visits the Spillman cottage, where she finds that "Mother" Spillman has just died.

CHAPTER XV.

THE TITLE DEED TO BROXTON HALL.

Mrs. Deb Lyons and Miss Laetitia Gaines, who were what might be called mortuary ministers to all defunct Mandevillians, stood drawing on their outdoor things with evident reluctance and inward resentment. It was the first time in long years of service that they had been informed that they need not stay all night. It was unprecedented.

"You are quite sure, Malvina, you would rather have us go than stay?"

"Quite sure, Mrs. Lyons," the mourner said, with firm lips.

"And you won't be afraid to spend the night here all alone?"

"Afraid? Haven't I spent every night of the last 30 years right here?"

"Yes, but not—"

"Is it mother you are thinking about? You want to know if I am afraid to stay here alone with mother? Oh, no! She and I are used to it."

Miss Laetitia gave a little gasp and glanced toward the room for whose passive tenant she and Mrs. Lyons had done everything decently and in order.

"Yes; but, Malvina, you know it is different now."

"Yes; some things are different. It is not a very far cry to your house or to Mrs. Lyons' either, Letty, if I should need anybody, and you have both been awfully kind."

After that there was nothing to do but to leave her alone with her dead. The clock was striking 10 as Miss Malvina turned the key in her front door, shutting out all intruders effectually. Lifting the lamp from the center table, she passed with it into her mother's presence. Clasped in the folded hands were some flowers that Olivia had come back to bring as a peace offering.

"I wanted to bring them myself," she said, lifting heavy eyes to Miss Malvina. "So that you should feel very sure that all the hardness had gone out of my heart. I could not stay at home. Father still refuses to let me come into his room. I wanted something to do, so I came." Then she had flitted out into the darkness again, a lonely, pathetic figure.

Malvina stood pondering, not the flowers, but the act she had resolved upon.

"I might as well do it now as at any other time. It will help me through with my lonely vigil. It is a simple act of justice to you, mother. I am going to put that wild notion about those papers to rest. I can't bear to have other hands searching among your things, though I did promise that poor unhappy child she might. You know it is not I that am mistrusting you, moth-

er, dear, and I think you are well pleased to have me clear your name from the suspicion of hiding papers that did not belong to you."

With this apology to her dead for what she was about to do she returned to the sitting room. The gay chintz covered chair had been pushed back against the wall. She advanced toward it resolutely.

"I believe I'd rather have the plain black horsehair showing anyhow. It is more in keeping with a funeral," she said and went to work.

Kneeling before the old chair, she set about untying the numerous tapes that kept the slip cover in place. Many a knot was rendered all the more refractory by the tears she dropped upon it.

The old armchair was very intimately associated with her life. As a child she had watched her father's pen traveling patiently by the hour over the paper spread upon the little shelf attached to its right arm. She had a vague recollection of a mysterious drawer, located somewhere under the ample seat, which had an inconsiderate habit of tumbling out of its socket at the most unexpected moments, scattering its contents in the most unseemly fashion. Many a time had it compelled her to go down on her knees to recover the disjecta membra of the next Sunday's sermon.

Later, when the Rev. Mr. Spillman had been transferred to a world where there was neither writing nor preaching of sermons, the chair had become identified completely with her mother. But the drawer, which had been voted a family nuisance when subject to careless masculine handling, had never played any part in latter days. "Mother" Spillman had long ago carried into effect her threat to fix it so it should cease from troubling—how, Malvina had never thought to notice.

"Yes," she said, rising to her feet after conquering the last knot. "I'd rather never see this old slip cover again. Every flower in it would set me to thinking about mother, and that won't be good for me."

With a skillful jerk she drew the cover from its loosened moorings. A loud noise accompanied the act. It startled her, coming so unexpectedly upon the solemn stillness. The old drawer had fallen out once more.

"To think I should have forgotten the old drawer! Mother must have crisscrossed some of these strings about it to keep it in place."

She stooped to repair the mischief she had done. A package of papers had fallen out of the drawer. She was sure she had never seen them before. With a frightened cry she gathered them into a parcel. A long envelope, soiled and unaddressed, had fallen out with the papers. Hastily replacing the drawer and reverently folding the old cover away in the closet, she carried the package nearer to the lamp for examination. With a strange sense of reluctance upon her she drew a chair up to the table and carefully manipulated the lamp. She was dallying with the moments. She was sure her mother had never made any use of that drawer. This package would prove to be a lot of worthless old papers left over from the days of her father's occupancy. The first paper which her trembling fingers unfolded settled that point forever.

Then all that talk about papers that concerned Thomas Broxton had not been the fancy of a disordered mind! Her mother had been secreting papers that belonged to the Broxton estate! With never a thought as to the ethics of the case she spread out paper after paper, mastering the character of each

document with a clear, practical insight for details which had been her most marked mental attribute always.

"The inventories! Poor, dear mother! She always maintained that there were inventories of the Broxton plate and jewels that Tom ought to have. My, but what a lot of it there was!"

"The title deed to Broxton Hall, made out, I suppose, by that old Englishman who built the Hall and opened up the place! But"—she had unfolded a single small sheet of paper, yellow with age, covered with writing in the small, cramped letters in vogue in the days of her remote ancestors—"what on earth?"

Pushing all the other papers aside, she spread this one immediately under the lamp and, with both elbows

planted on the table, concentrated every faculty of her brain upon it. Finally, with a deep sigh of relaxed attention, she leaned back in her chair.

"This, then, is what poor mother meant when she said that Broxton Hall could not be sold; that she was going to put Tom in the way of getting it back. Why, Mr. Westover's title is not worth a shoe button. I see—I see it all now. She kept her secret from me for fear I would carry the papers straight to Mr. Matthews, which is just what I should do now, only—"

A sudden knock on her front door brought her to her feet with a start. She opened the big family Bible on the table and swept the papers into it for concealment. "It was nobody but Mrs. Deb and Letty come back in spite of her." She opened the door with an unwelcome smile.

Clarence Westover stood outside. Her first thought was of the lawyer. "Why, Mr. Clarence, is he gone?"

"I have come to take Olivia home." "Olivia! Why, she isn't here." "Not here? Then where?"

He stepped inside with the words. He was a young man who cordially resented being taken unawares.

"Oh, it is all right. I presume she went home by the lane, and I missed her by coming around the long way. I suppose she has shut herself up in her own room. The old man still refuses to admit her to his room, and it made her restless. Reuben said she told him she was going to bring you some flowers. I am awfully sorry for you, Miss Malvina."

"Thank you. Mother was full of years, and she was ready to go."

"Yes, exactly—perfect Christian and all that sort of thing, I suppose."

"I am sorry you were not watchful enough to keep her from annoying Mr. Matthews the other night. I'm dreadfully sorry, as much on Olivia's account as anybody else's."

"Well, you see, it was this way: Everything was so peaceful and quiet the first part of the night that I fell into a sound sleep. When I waked up, the first words I caught made me hesitate to go in. I was afraid of making matters worse and supposed she would go away without any harm coming of it. I was afraid of adding to Mr. Matthews' excitement by revealing my presence at that hour of the night. Things were considerably mixed up, you see."

"Yes, dreadfully mixed up. I know it."

He added an incongruous feature to Miss Malvina's decorous little sitting room with his high bred face and fashionable garb. As long as Olivia was not there to be fetched home he had better be going. He offered some more ready made condolences and turned toward the door. Malvina stopped him with a pleading look.

"Don't go yet, please, Mr. Clarence. It looks as if Providence had sent you here on purpose tonight. I have a favor to ask of you."

"Certainly, anything I can do," he said, politely enough, but he looked a trifle bored. He was not devoid of kindly feelings, but really the "queer old party who had just shuffled off this mortal coil and the unbeautiful spitter upon whom he had intruded in search of Olivia" had never appealed very strongly to the aesthetic side of him.

Miss Malvina stood with her hands resting reverently on the big Bible. He hoped she was not going to ask him to read a portion of Scripture with her. That would be too much for his nerves. As if direct contact with the book had brought strength to her, Miss Malvina suddenly lost all that timid nervousness which possessed her whenever she came in contact with this elegant, rather haughty young fellow, who made her "feel like a milkmaid for clumsiness." This man as Olivia's affianced husband and the owner of Broxton Hall had a much better right than she had to know about that particular paper. She entered abruptly upon the task she had set herself.

"I don't know that you ever heard of it, Mr. Clarence, but my poor mother had a mania."

"Spare yourself, Miss Spillman. I heard every word she said to Mr. Matthews last night."

"About—about—some papers and things?"

"Yes, poor old lady! She was really unsparring, dreadfully caustic. But of course it went for nothing. We all knew, don't you know?"

Miss Malvina flung back the lid of the big Bible and revealed the papers.

"There are the papers my mother spoke about."

In life she had helped the world to cast discredit upon her mother. To shield Horace Matthews she had put at naught her mother's words. In death she would make reparation, so far as was possible. Westover turned an uncomprehending stare from the old papers to the plain, twitching face upon which the lamp cast uncanny shades.

"So then there were some hidden documents. Any importance, do you suppose?"

"I think so. There are the inventories of the jewels and the plate which I suppose are—oh, well, what do I know about any of it? I do want you to read just that one short paper, Mr. Westover."

She handed to him the slip of paper over which she had pored in growing perplexity for half an hour before his coming. She watched him while he read it, and she knew from the quick mounting of the hot blood to his temples that she had not overestimated its importance. He looked up at her presently with knitted brows.

"By Jove! And this was among the

papers that Matthews allowed to be lost?"

"I don't know that we ought to say that he 'allowed it to be lost.' You see, Mr. Westover, it was my fault that his horse shied and made him drop his bag just outside our gate. How mother ever got hold of them is one of the mysteries that can never be solved now. It was only when that poor, unhappy child came here begging me to search for them that I did it just to quiet her."

Westover made it clearer. "She said something the other night about Jimmie Martin finding them and her purposely keeping you in the dark for fear you would give the papers she wanted Broxton to have to Mr. Matthews."

"Which is just what I should have done, just what I shall do as soon as he gets better."

"That is what he will never do," said Westover gravely. "Govan gives him only a few days more."

"Dear Lord! And that poor child!"

"Will not be left entirely to our friends," said Olivia's lover stiffly.

"Oh, I know! I know that she is just as fond of you as can be. But about these papers. What am I to do? I don't even know where Tom Broxton is."

"Neither do I. But this paper"—he was folding the oldest sheet of writing into compact shape—"concerns my father as purchaser of Broxton Hall more nearly than it does any one else just at present. I should like to show it to him, Miss Malvina."

Miss Malvina looked wistfully from the pile of papers to the young man. Westover interpreted the look promptly.

"You are afraid you are not doing the right thing by your friend, Mr. Broxton. I respect your anxiety and pledge you my word of honor as a gentleman that his interests shall not suffer in my hands. How such a weighty paper as this should have been left to mischance it is useless to conjecture now. Mr. Matthews is done with all worldly cares and responsibilities. I simply ask you to lend me this paper long enough to show it to my father. If it is genuine, his title to Broxton Hall is not worth the paper it is written on."

Malvina locked her thin fingers nervously about each other. "I was just thinking that for Olivia's sake and Tom's sake—"

"May I take this paper?" Westover rose with it in his hands.

"Why, yes. It don't belong to me, does it?"

"By right of discovery. In the present mixed state of affairs, I suppose you could hold on to it. Possession is nine points of the law. But"—here such a winning smile broke over the young fellow's handsome face that Miss Malvina forgave Olivia's infatuation for him—"if I promise you that no use shall be made of it that does not take Tom Broxton's best interests into consideration will you trust me with it and believe in me?"

"I trust in you, and I believe in you," said Miss Malvina, holding out a rattling hand. "And the inventories—what shall I do with them? There is a catalogue of paintings, too, and—"

Westover waved the proffered papers back.

"With them the Westovers have nothing to do. Keep them, or send them to Broxton, rather. They have belonged to him ever since he came of age. Perhaps you might hold on to them until—"

He left the sentence unfinished. Miss Malvina knew that he meant until Horace Matthews should be beyond the fret and worry of all things.

"Ah, well, just as you choose about the rest of the papers! I thought maybe you could talk them all over with Tom. Dear me! These inventories stand for inexhaustible wealth to me. What an extravagant fellow our dear Tom must have been as a college boy!"

"College boys are not an ascetic class, as a rule," said Clarence and with it "good night."

Miss Malvina sat where he had left her a long time. She found the papers describing Thomas' departed glories intensely interesting reading. "Poor old mother! She had been right all the way through, even to the description of Lucetta Broxton's necklace." She laid her hands upon the package of papers and sighed.

"In spite of all this, Thomas Broxton is a pauper. The Hall could not be sold, but it is sold. How do men manage to blunder so?"

Not yet was her loyal soul ready to endorse her mother's worst suspicions of Horace Matthews' stewardship.

Miscellaneous Reading.

MR. FINLEY ON PUERTO RICO.

Holds That the Island Is Entitled to the Same Consideration as Any Other Section of the Union.

The following is the full text of the speech that Congressman Finley, of the Fifth district, delivered in the house last Saturday on the Puerto Rican tariff bill. It is republished from the Congressional Record:

Mr. Speaker, believing, as I do, that Puerto Rico is a part of the United States, as much so as is the State of New York or the territory of Oklahoma, and believing, as I do, that the constitution of the United States prohibits absolutely the imposition of any tax or duty on goods exported or shipped to any other part of the United States, whether the same be a state or territory, I must, to be consistent, vote against this bill.

Mr. Speaker, there is no question but that the Puerto Ricans are in the most deplorable condition of any people living under the flag of this country today.

Since Puerto Rico was ceded to the United States by Spain the island has been devastated by a cyclone, one of the most destructive in the history of the island. This storm destroyed, practically speaking, all crops in the island and the homes of many, and rendered the people destitute and helpless. Since that time recuperation, from an agricultural standpoint, has been slow, and many of the people are in want. In addition to this, the markets of the world have practically been closed to the Puerto Ricans by the unlawful action of the administration in imposing the heavy burden of the Dingley tariff law upon all goods coming from Puerto Rico into the United States. Being unable to sell, they cannot buy, and the markets of the world being practically closed to these people, their condition is deplorable indeed.

I am willing, however, to vote whatever appropriation may be necessary to relieve these people from immediate want, and until they can get on their feet, direct from the United States treasury. We can very well afford to do this, Mr. Speaker, because since the island was ceded to us by Spain the administration has unlawfully collected from these people on their goods coming into our ports the sum of \$2,095,455.88. Had this tax not been collected this amount of money would today be in the pockets of the Puerto Rican people, and to this extent, in my judgment, we are debtors of the Puerto Ricans.

I do not hesitate, however, to say that even if this were not the case I would vote an appropriation to place food in the mouths of citizens of the United States who have been brought to starvation by a most devastating storm, as the Puerto Ricans have been, or by ruinous floods, as some of the people in the Mississippi valley have been in past years.

But, Mr. Speaker, I have already, by my vote in this house, expressed my willingness that the government of the United States should relieve the sufferings of the poor and destitute Puerto Ricans when, with the minority, I voted to concur in the senate amendments to this bill.

The bill provides that the revenues hereafter to be collected on importations from Puerto Rico to the United States under existing law (the Dingley tariff law) shall be segregated and expended by the president of the United States for the benefit and government of Puerto Rico.

This provision, in my opinion, renders the bill most objectionable, because it is a tacit, if not an explicit, avowal by congress that the Dingley tariff rates are properly imposed upon all goods shipped from Puerto Rico to any of the states and territories of the United States.

Mr. Speaker, I am unwilling to concede this. If Puerto Rico is a part of the United States, then no tax on her products shipped to other parts of the United States, can be imposed. If Puerto Rico is not a part of the United States, I do not understand by what authority our flag floats over that island and the jurisdiction of the United States is asserted there. As stated above, the provisions of this bill practically avow the right of congress to levy and collect taxes on goods shipped from one part of the United States to another. Not only this, but the taxes are segregated for a particular purpose, to-wit, for the sole benefit of the government and benefit of the island of Puerto Rico.

Section 8 of Article I of the Constitution of the United States provides that congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes, imposts and excises, to pay the public debts and provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States; but all duties, imposts, and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States.

This provision of the constitution gives to congress an unlimited power of taxation for the purposes named, subject to the limitation that such taxes shall be uniform throughout the United States, and subject to the further limitation that the taxes levied must be either to pay the public debts or to provide for the common defense or general welfare of the United States.

In other words, the power of taxation is not limited in its character. First, the tax levied must be for purposes national in their object or character. Congress has no authority and no power under Section 8, Article I,

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Mr. Speaker, I am unwilling to concede this. If Puerto Rico is a part of the United States, then no tax on her products shipped to other parts of the United States, can be imposed. If Puerto Rico is not a part of the United States, I do not understand by what authority our flag floats over that island and the jurisdiction of the United States is asserted there. As stated above, the provisions of this bill practically avow the right of congress to levy and collect taxes on goods shipped from one part of the United States to another. Not only this, but the taxes are segregated for a particular purpose, to-wit, for the sole benefit of the government and benefit of the island of Puerto Rico.

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